

# THE BASKET.

Vol. II.—No. 20.

HADDONFIELD, N. J., FRIDAY, AUGUST 5, 1889.

No. 46.

## SHE LOVED THIS BOOK.

BY A BOOK-LOVER.

### I.

O, tender voice, long stilled, would thou again wert here,  
To speak this name to me—this name so fondly dear!  
How oft her dark, soft eyes have scanned these pages o'er;  
How oft her wounded heart has felt their balmy lore!  
It was her trusted friend, this rare and soulful hook,  
And in its words her mind a strange, deep pleasure took.

She loved this book.

### II.

Here see I through my tears the traces of her hand,  
Where lines best loved are linked with dim and shadowy hand.  
Here stand the gentle words—"He loved this chapter best."  
This page she read the day she entered into rest;  
Aye, here's the very date. How radiant was her look  
As with a sad, sweet smile she closed this soulful book.

She loved this book.

In an old book nearly 100 years old, we lately read the following sentence: "It is vain for mortals to be presumptuous." It forcibly reminded of Lincoln's "Why should a mortal be proud?" They were said to have been uttered by John Bartram, the first and well-known botanist in this new hemisphere. We remember when a boy of often hearing of Bartram's Garden. It was a place much visited by the early residents of Philadelphia. Rafan- esque's "Medical Flora," (of which we have a copy,) speaks of it "as the oldest and best of the kind in the world, particularly rich in native plants." The garden, which was begun about the year 1749 or '50, was situate down among the meadows on the west side of the Schnylkill, and contained about eight acres.

Mr. Bartram, at one time was visited by a Russian gentleman, who was kindly received, and remained several days. He represented Mr. B. as using the Friends' language, but we very much doubt whether he ever used such expressions as he is represented to have used, such as "Thee art," "Thee art welcome," "Thee art a Russian," "Thee art a stranger," etc. "Thou," instead of "Thee," we have been the proper word.

"Wife," said a man, looking for his razor case. "I have places where I keep my things, and you ought to know it." "Yes," said she. "And I ought to know where you keep your late hours!"

Will M. Carlton rhymes as follows about a man who took his boy to a Printing Office, to "make an editor outen o' him." The editor sat in his sanctum and looked the old man in the eye; then glanced at the grinning young hopeful, and mournfully made this reply: "Is your son a small, unbound edition of Moses and Solomon both? Can he compass his spirit with meekness and strangle a natural oath? Can he leave all wrougs to the future, and carry his heart in his cheek? Can he do an hour's work in a minute, and live on a sixpence a week? Can he courteously talk to an equal, and brow-beat an impudent dunc? Can he keep things in apple-pie order, and do half-a-dozen at once? Can he press all the springs of knowledge with quick and reliable touch? And be sure that he knows how much to know, and know how not to know too much? Does he know how to stir up his virtue, and put a check-rein on his pride? Can he carry a gentleman's manners with a rhinoceros' hide? Can he know all and do all and be all, with cheerfulness, courage and vim? If so, e, perhaps, can make an editor outen o' him."

The farmer stood curiously listening, while wondering his vision o'erspread; and he said, "Jim, I guess we'll be goin'; he's probably out of his head."

QUEER.—In passing along one of the streets in Philadelphia recently, we noticed a broad-shouldered, squatty looking man, well dressed, a little distance ahead, carrying a heavy cane; with this cane he would give a gentle tap on the back or legs of each boy he met as he passed. The boys would look round, some with a pleasant inquisitive smile, and others as though they would say, "What do you mean, sir, by hitting me?" But the man never turned his head to see or to hear, but went right on tapping. Was he a crank, or trying some kind of experiment on the youngsters?

"Look where we may the wide earth earth o'er,  
Those lighted faces smile no more;  
Yet love will dream and faith will trust  
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.  
Alas for him who never sees  
The stars shine through the cypress-trees,  
And hopeless lays his dead away."

"I am become like a bottle in the smoke," is part of a verse in the Bible. Is it a conundrum? Who of our readers can tell where it is found in the Book, and what its meaning?

To remove ink stains, use raw tomato juice. It may not always be effective, but is in many cases, especially for the hands and fingers.

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HADDONFIELD, N. J., AUGUST 2, 1889.

**Borough Commissioners** meet in the Town Hall on the 1st Wednesday evening in each month. Visitors admitted.

By mistake, the date on the first page is wrong. It should be August 2, instead of 5.

We have had considerable difficulty in getting out the last two or three Nos. of the "Basket," owing to indisposition, and might have failed altogether, or been behind time, but for the assistance of a friend, who kindly volunteered a helping hand. We are still on the invalid list, and if there should be any irregularity hereafter in the appearance of the paper, this will be the cause.

A Public Meeting of the citizens of Haddonfield will be held in the Town Hall on Thursday evening, August 8, at 8 o'clock, to invite the Reading Railroad Co. to run a branch of their road into Haddonfield.

David D. Middleton, who died last week, was an old and highly respected inhabitant of Haddonfield. His loss will be deeply felt, both by the community, and the Methodist church, of which he was a member.

The Haddon Fire Co. had a large party on their excursion to Atlantic City on Thursday last.

We congratulate our young friend and neighbor, Charles R. Stevenson, (son of Dr. John R. Stevenson,) on his taking unto himself a "help-meat." The marriage was private, owing to the recent death of the bride's mother, only near relatives being present. Miss De Haven's family, although at present residing in Pennsylvania, were for many years closely identified with Haddon township—her grand-father, John C. De Costa, and her father, Lieut. Commander De Haven, resided near Collingswood for many years. Lieut. Commander De Haven was a distinguished naval officer.

For their wedding tour they went to Old Point Comfort, via Washington. We wish them all the happiness this life can afford, mixed as it is with good and evil, and then the better life to come.

George La Monte, of Bound Brook, N. J., was nominated for Governor by the N. J. Prohibition Convention at Asbury Park, on Friday, July 19. Resolutions were also passed in favor of Sabbath observance and woman suffrage.

It rains and rains. It has been raining, and sometimes pouring, in Haddonfield, for several days past.

**INK,** BLACK, of a superior quality, made and sold at this office, at 5 and 10 cts. for small bottles, pints, and quarts 50 cts. Larger quantities as agreed upon. Does not clog the pen, or get thick or sticky. Also, a very fine and brilliant **RED INK.**

Atlantic City is a wonderful place. Being the nearest sea-shore resort to Philadelphia and its surroundings, with three well-equipped railroads, with numerous daily trains going to and fro between the two cities, it is not surprising that it has its tens of thousands of visitors during the "season," including the excursionists.

And then there are a great variety of amusements—Merry-go-rounds, toboggans, shooting galleries, skating rinks, etc. The merry-go-rounds attract much attention, and crowds of people go there and spend hours looking at the wooden animals and their riders, and listening to the music. In the evenings especially the rapid movement of the machine, the music, the electric lights, and the crowds of people, for whom comfortable seats are provided, though many are moving about, all unite to produce a sort of enchantment.

As to the invalids that go there, some are not apparently much benefitted, whilst others derive great advantage by their sojourn by the sea. To some it imparts an almost unappeasable appetite—always hungry, and impatient for lunch and meals.

But people die here as elsewhere. The first morning after our arrival, the body of a man, who had died in the night, was hustled out of the house opposite where we were staying; and almost the last thing we saw when waiting at the depot for the train to take us home, was a coffin on a common truck, passing through the gates, to go on the train.

The new Excursion House is far away from the town, and at a most desolate and forlorn place, amid sand-hills and brush; and the people reach the town by a long walk or on the electric railway. This railway is said to be three miles long, and extends from the excursion house to the inlet.

**DR. J. E. WOOD, DENTIST,**  
No. 405 Cooper street, Camden, N. J.

**MISS S. C. HILLMAN**

*Will resume Teaching,*

**September 4th, 1889.**

**Friends' School,** HADDONFIELD, N. J., will re-open Ninth month, (September) 2d, 1889, in charge of Elizabeth C. Ous, Principal; Mary Allen, Assistant; Mary Amy Ous, Teacher of Drawing and the Languages. All denominations admitted. For further information apply to Samuel A. Willis, Beulah M. Rhoads, or Sarah Nicholson.

**MARRIED.**

On Wednesday, July 24, at St. Mary's Church, Ardmore, Pa., by Rev. J. Sidney Kent, **CHARLES R. STEVENSON**, of Haddonfield, and **EMMA DE HAVEN**, of Ardmore, daughter of the late Lieut. Commander, Edwin J. De Haven, U. S. Navy.

On the 19th July, at Grace Episcopal Church, Haddonfield, **SAMUEL C. A. CLEMENT** and **ANNA GARRISON**, daughter of the late Capt. Wm. Shinn, all of Haddonfield.

**DIED.**

In Haddonfield, on the 26th of July. **DAVID D. MIDDLETON**, aged 76 years.

In Haddonfield, on 26th inst. **REBECCA**, daughter of Nelson H. and Rebecca B. Cooke, aged 8 months.